HOW THEY MAKE US LAUGH: SAMPLES OF THE JOKES THE COME.

DIANS ARE NOW USING. Difficult to Discover the Humor in Some of Them, Though They Sound All Right Enough

When Told on the Stage by a Comedian, New Yorkers find much amusement just now in the music halls and vaudeville shows about town. While they often come face to face with the stage jokes of their boyhood, the rectyped conundrum from the patent medicine man's almanac or the stories they heard in the corner grocery days, they find much that is new and really witty. Most of the funny sayings look flat in print, but the ridiculous manner in which they are uttered and the horseplay which accompanies most of them serve to carry them off with more or less success. The following is so popular just now that it is being told in half a dozen New York theatres nightly and has been in use for six

First Comedian-My sister has great luck. She was down to Asbury Park this summer and got a \$100 pearl out of an oyster. Second Comedian-That's nothing. My sister got a diamond necklace this summer out of

a lobster at Narragansett Pier. Mason and Francis, a sketch team who played at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre, pened the programme with a sketch in which the stage setting showed the exterior of a coun-The man of the team appears as a farmer. The woman appears as the waitress. After a little by play the farmer announces that he would like some dinner. Many of the dishes he orders are not on the bill of fare. Finally, he says he would like to have some

hard ciled potatoes. "We haven't any," replies the girl. "We d dn't expect you. "Well, then," says he, "give me a couple of pose eggs."

'Haven't any," is again the answer. "We didn't expect you." "Well," asks the farmer, "didn't the hens expect me either?" and she answers: "No, if they had, they would have been laying

for you." "You're a wonder." "You ought to see my sister." "Where is she?"

"Doing a skirt dance in 'Aladdin." "Tou ought to see my sister. She's doing a shirt dence in a laundry." Walter Terry and Nellie Elmer, a song and

dance team, who appear later on, discuss matri-The girl finally says: What kind of a husband do you advise me to get?" He reph'es:

"Get a single man, and let husbands alone." Two men, billed as "Smith and Campbell, talking comedians, amuse the audience with this sort of patter. "I'm going to buy my Uncle Tom a candy horse."

"Why? He might not like it."
"Well, if he don't like it he can lick it."
"Well, if he don't like it he can lick it."
"Don't spring anything like that on me. Did
you hear about my friend?"

You hear about my friend?"
"No."
"Is that so?"
"Is that so?"
"Yas, he's got a job in a bottling works."
"Do you know your coat don't fit you?"
"It's a good fit."
"Go on, it's almost a convulsion."
"I met your wit's yesterday."
"Did you notice her teeth?"
"No, she didn't oben her mouth."
"That couldn't have been my wife."
"I understand you beat her like carpet."
"That's the only way I get the dust out her.
"Say, do you know I started in life as a bare-

of her."
"Say, do you know I started in life as a barefooted boy?"
"Well, I'll tell you right here I waen't hees
with shoes on."
"Well, I'm well fixed now. I got a job helping my father. He's the superintendent of
a factory and has a thousand men under him.
That's nothing: my father had 5,000 men
under him. That's nothing: my saled and the sale on in "Is that so?"
"Yes, when he went up in the balloon in "Yes, when he went up in "Yes, when he went up in "Yes, when he went

"Well, my father was a soldier. He was the first man to enlist in the 12ist Ipswich Regi-It. There's no such regiment. Don't tell that my one who knows anything."

"I never do."
At Miner's Bowery Theatre a team announced as "Campbell and Caulfield, Kings of Irish comedy, joke about the mother-in-law, the ather-in-law and other members of the family, they even go back to their grandparents. ampbell-My grandfather was so smart knew he was going to die ten days before

canifield—Who told him; the Sheriff? Campbell—And when my grandmother ed she had \$150 worth of gold in her teeth. Campbell—And when he had a solution and the solution of money going to the devil.

Campbell—Well, we won't talk about our dead relatives; but did you hear about me the other night? I met a Dutchman who offered to make a bet with me that he could sing longer than I could. I took up the bet and I sang "Annie Laurie" for two hours and

a half.
Cauifield—Did you win?
Campbell—No; he sang "The Stars and
Stripes Forever."
Later on in the show Coulter and Starr,
negro comedians, get into an argument and Coulter says:

"I saw a deaf and dumb man run over this morning, and he was knocked speechless."

Starr—Ah, go on. How could that he?

Coulter—It's a fact; one of his hands was cut off.

cut off.
Starr-Well, its strange bow people will
get in the way of cable cars and be killed so
young. My father lived to be an old man.
He died at the age of 98.
Coulter-Mine died at 196.

Coulter—Mine died at 196.
Starr—Go on.
Coulter—Yes, 198 Eighth avenue.
At the Broadway Music Hall De Wolf Hopper
and Lillian Russell chaff each other for the
amusement of the audience. For instance:
Hopper—Say, Lillian, just think of us down
here at Weber & Fields's. Why did you leave
comits, opens? comic opera?
Miss Russell—I'll tell you some day—some

rainy day.

As they leave the stage Weber and Fields come on, in a small wagon, which is referred to as a moving sidewalk.

Fields-I don't like dose moving sidevalks. You are liable to pass yourself mitout knowing

Weber-Never mind; are you glad you where—Never mind; are you glad you came to Paris to spend your vaccination?
Fields—Mebbe. Vhat did dot fellow mean by giving us dot tip on der horse vhich did not vin?
Weber—I didn't know vhat he meant, but what he meant ve got. Fields—But he gave us a guarantee der

Fields—But he gave us a guarantee der horse vould vin.

Weber—Yes, but vhen a horse loses him's guarantee runs out. Und he vere such a nice-looking horse, but he stood dere vhen der race commenced and valted. He vouldn't run.

Fields—He vas ashamed to run mit dem

Fields—He was ashamed to run mit demother sloba.
Weber—Vell, why did you want to pick out such a ligh-toned horse?
Fields—Never mind, we will make a million dollars a day here.
Weber—Den we will stay two days.
Weber—Den we will stay two days.
Weber—Den we will stay two days.
Exter Dave Warfield as the Hebrew.
Warfield—I want to know if I lost when I betted someting?
Fields—Mebbe, tell us.
Wiefield—Do you know about military cod we

ender the case burled with a minute a man be before he case burled he mit militarys honors?

Weber—A captain.
Fields—No, a generals.
Wurfleld—Pen I guess I lose, cause I bet he must be dead.

Warfleld agrees to enter into partnership with the other two, and they decide to make him custodian of their funds.

Weber—You must be sworned in, Fields—Yes, you must be sworn.

Warfleld—I don't know how.

Weber—Rais your right hand.

Weber and Fields in chorus—Swear.

Warfleld—I do theil.

In one mene Hupter says to Field:

"Not a word. I held you responsible for this. You at least have a modicum of cerebrum and cerebellum."

Weber (aside)—If he said dot to me I vould fight.

Hower -You may not be one of those supersensitive metaphysical natures that finds its most natures search the setting in an atmosphere of empayeem-searching thought or seeks among the altitudinous haths of payerhological research the mind companions in that can only there he found by the intellect Eurdened with an intense and overwanting mentality, but you controlled and overwanting mentality, but you controlled under the intelligent conception of relative and correlative phenomena them is accorded to the troplodytes alger of a convene similate, therefore I hold you recovered by a few minds. Therefore I hold you recovered to the troplodytes alger of the control of the starting of the search of the

The then are complete Warfield, asking "As for you, what ran I saw to you?"

Warfield -I gross way saided it all to him thought -I should have thought that common sense would have shown you that this occlout humans horridis could not be placed in harmonious juxtanostion to the beauteous and reconstite femur patella tibia and fibula metaling to this automata and around with

it in giving it artistic verisimilitude. I can only account for it upon the hypothesis that you have been aborigine and in rerum natura, non-compos mentis, or to place a kinder construc-tion upon it, inter pecula. To make myself more plainly understood, I might say to you, in more plainly understoo the language of Cicero

"Sio paresus ojam asparagus, Jaborandi medula oblongata, Siatica rex nux vomica. In one scene John T. Kelly asks Fields: "What would you do for \$10,000?"
"I'm ashamed to tell you," replies Fields, and his always brings out a hearty laugh.
Kelly—Are you a married man?

Kelly (turning to Weber)—You're a married Meny technical man. Weber (looking at scratches on his hand)—
No. I got dose scratches from der cat.
Here is a sample of the dialogue in the travesty on "Quo Vadis."
Petrolius—Admit him here in the torrara-

rium. Marcus Finishus—I am still in Rome. Petrolius—I thought you were frying Fenians Farina. Marcus—You are not aloneus. Some one ubbereth.
Petrollus—Tis my slave, Spoonus.

Marcus She is a beautus. Petrolius-I got her in an employmentus Petrollus and Marcus fight and then one reretrollus and Marcus light and then one remarks that the other "has twice the blow of Thomas Sharkus, and that's no fakus either. Hopper always gets a laugh by the manner in which he says: "Come, Marcus, to the boozorium and let us quaff a Mamie Taylorus." Further uptown at the Victoria the Roger Brothers discuss golf.

"Do you know dot golfulluff game?"

"Do you know dot gollulluff game?"
"No."

"I'll explode it to you." "I am sorry."
"I am sorry."
"You must first have money to play dot game. Den you valk a mile after a ball."
"I once valked four miles for a high ball."
"Vell you don't get a drink until der game's

"Den I yould not play."
"You vill."
"I vill, but how do you know vhen you vin der game?"

"Vell, you strike the ball through der links."

"Go ahead: you hit der ball through the butcher's vindow."

"No, I didn't said dot."

"I can't understood it, vhy not I study der

engaged in other worldly pursuits; now when "If you study der rules you vill be crazy in of the deck dispels the illusion. At the farther

three years."
Gus Rogers says: "I live in a fine house up here. Ve have all kinds of improverments; soft shell tubs, two kinds of hot vater, luke varm und cold und such as dot."
They get hold of a girl's autograph album and read from it as follows:
"He who fights and runs away will live to get some other day." James J. Corbett." end of the craft is a dais extending from port to starboard, bearing an organ and reading stand and table covered with hymn books "He who fights and run" away was fight some other day. —James J. Corbett."

"I would not live always.—The Undertaker."

"Jon't let your right hand know what your left is doing.—Bob Fitzsimmons."

Here is a sample joke from one of the other and overhung by a flag, a model ship

of the ship's officers. Back to the companionway extend row upon row of long, Here is a sample joke from one of the other concert halls:
Levy's brother died in Chicago the other day. The undertaker telegraphed to Levy:
What will I do with body? I can embalm it for \$50, or freeze it for \$30. Please answer."
And Levy telegraphed back: "Freeze it from der knees up for \$30; he had his feet frozen last winter."

One of the stories told by the late John W. Kelly is now going the rounds of the music Kelly is now going the rounds of the music halls:

"I'm hanged if ye don't mate some queer people nowadays: I met Casey the other day and he was dressed in a new suit. I sez. 'Hello, Casey, where hey ye been?' And he said he was at a funeral. 'Whose dead?' sez I and Casey answered, 'I don't know: I just went to the funeral for the ride.'

Pat Rooney was in the habit of saying: 'I kin stand a joke as well as anny man, but whin a Dooteh truckdriver comes along and takes me for a lamppost by tring his horse to me as I stand there on the corner I don't think that's anny joke.

John Kernell's opening remark was: "I'll niver wear those carmuffs again as long as I livo. Casey asked me to have a drink yesterday and I didn't hear him." galley wherein tasty if not sumptuous repasts are prepared by the ship's company; high windows fashioned after the model of a China-

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Twelve Months of Economy. From London Tit-Bits.

"A little over four years ago." said Smithage, "I ade up my mind that I was smoking too much. It But to the sailorman the Bethel is at once what didn't seem to affect my health in the least but I thought it was a foolish waste of money, and I decided to give it up." "A very sensible idea, indeed," remarked Brown-

"So I thought at the time. I figured out, as closely as I could, how much I had been spending each day for cigars and tobacco. That sum I set aside each day, and started a banking account with it. I wanted to be able to show just exactly how much I had saved by not smoking."

"And how did it work?" inquired Brownlow. "At the end of twelve months I found that I had \$55 in the bank." "Good! Could you lend me--"

"And a few days later." Interrupted Smithson, "last Thursday, in fact-the bank failed. You haven't got a cigar about you, have you!"

Not Out of a Book.

instigated another military blunder.

Fond Mother proudly—Were they not entrapeed?
Fond Mother proudly—Were they not entrapeed?
Fond Mother proudly—Were they not entrapeed?
The Ocean Wave," with variations, half of them left the room.

Fond Wave," with variations, half of them left the room.

very star." ery stat."
"Why!" he asked.
"Because it is always out so late at night and looks

FLOATING BETHEL'S CHEER. NO SHARKS BESET THE WAY OF THE SAILORMAN THERE.

Kipling says of his sailors:

"In Fultah Fisher's boarding house

as odd as the Biblical ark. There is little ro-

canalboat, broad at stem as at stern, mast-

place or village clubhouse. Only the motion

a glass case, and a framed list

narrow, news-laden tables. Behind the com-

panionway are many odd nooks and crannies

stowed with shoes and clothing, and round

about is the library. Here also is a miniature

post office for the use of the men, plus pine

walls crossed by stout stanchions and studded

with sundry texts and more pert injunctions

as to cleanliness; bulkheads hiding a snug

cabin, a cool, deep locker and an old-fashioned

man's eye: open house, hearty welcome, and above all everything spick and span as an

rick has subsided on the huge leviathans lashed to pier and wharf and eight bells has

boat and "The Good Samaritan of the Docks."

may take part in a broad, manly religious ser-

there. Pens, paper, envelopes, free."

Admiral's cabin-and that's the Bethel. But to understand its work one must go down of an evening after the roar of the der-

did not know how it would turn out, but, thanks to kind friends and especially to our Commodore and other officers, the boat has been maintained ever since and has been a great success. The poor sailor has never been appreciated ashore. You may go to church the year round and you Moored Boat in Brooklyn That Is Church may hear the soldier and the statesman and and Club and Galley and Bunk to Jack, the laborer and the millionaire prayed for, Who Is a Poor, Weak Critter Ashore-Warm but you will never hear one single petition Hearts and Hands Are His on the Dock. for the sailor. He don't pay pew rent. The Among the quaint, spiritual assemblages ministers never seem to know that there is such held in the odd corners of New York must be a man as a sailor with a soul and human desires numbered that of the sailormen held periodiclike other men. He has no home like other ally aboard the Floating Bethel which, year men; he is not much of a voter; but when it in and year out, swings in her moorings off the comes to praying for the true patriot I pray foot of Jor demon street amid the tall masts of for the poor benumbed fellow up in the shrouds many vessels and hard-by the grim ware- taking in the lea earring with the stinging blasts houses that overhang the East River. Little beating in his face and a single swaying ratline is known to the average landsman of either between him and eternity. You shore people the craft or its work, but along the Eastern can't understand Jack. You only see him coast the Bethel stands out like a kindly beacon | when he is ashore like a fish out of his elementto the wanderers of the sea, and two or three too kind-hearted to be overwise and too denights of the week its little deck rocks to the tread of as motley a crew as were ever 'signed | being cooped up in a craft for months he may on" by shipping master or "runner." On | run loose a bit, but it isn't because he is bad, these occasions one may see eclipsed the weird glory of the East Side Salvation Army rally him ashore any more than you would judge a and of the Bowery Mission. Then hard fact landlubber affoat. See him standing his lone and Romance meet barebreasted. There is watch, faithful as the North star; see him rushnaught puerile or inane. Bronzed sons of the ing on deck half clad and going up into the dark-Seven Seas," of all nationalities and of many ness to fight with the stiffened sails. The roar tongues, quaintly garbed and quaint mannered of the gale and the groaning of the ship overall are there to have a good time; and although | whelms every other sound. The city man it is the first and last time on which they wil sits in his cosy home in a nice armchair and ever congregate as a body what matter? As | doesn't know how his luxuries are being taken To the casual visitor the Bethel must appear

mantic about it. In truth it is a reformed Smith of Heaven-knows-where drowned in ss and rudderless and wholly roofed over-In its more youthful days it carried grain and one passes down its companionway one might as he left the craft were "Eat hearty, boys; weil suppose one's self in a little country meeting

given its welcome message to the tar of the splice and the sail-patch. Any man who is a deep-water sailor is welcome. No longshoreman, fresh water sailors or the riff-raff that idle along the wharves are allowed to put foot aboard. This is one of the inexorable rules laid down by Hiram L. Meeker, captain of the church, club, library and home are to the landsman. If he is religiously inclined, here he vice; if he is desirous of a smoke and chat, here he may produce his pipe and tobacco-if he lack these articles they are supplied to him: does he want to read, there is a library of 1,600 volumes at hand does he want to write here is a card staring him in the face, "Sailors, write home. A little time spent here will be enjoyed

festival in progress. Gayly the little craft was lighted up. Standing at the foot of the companionway, dressed in orthodox frock coat, and with a broad smile on his genial face, was Capt. Meeker. Everywhere was good-humored bustle. Here and there fitted the officers—well-known city men. Lamps swung from the stanchions, and an odor never sniffed in the fo'castle fleated out from the hidden galley. Mariners from bark and

bundle of old magazines under his arm; the bediess are cared for somehow or other on board until morning, when they clean ship for the accommodation.

One paid man, termed the shipmaster, is always aboard. The officers of the boat are business men, regularly appointed. The captain himself when not on the craft is hustling for the "sinews of war" with which to carry on his pet campaign. He is heart and soul in the work. Still hale and hearty, and invariably dressed in frock coat and stik hat, he might be taken for a Wall Street broker or well-doing merchant. But his "boys" knew him as a blunt albeit kindly spoken man and a jovial caterer of many mercies. That night of the fruit festival he might be seen behind the governments the graph of the magning the might be seen behind the graph of the work. The captain himself when not on the craft is hustling for the "sinews of war" with which to carry on his pet campaign. He is heart and soul in the work. Still hale and hearty, and invariably dressed in frock coat and stik hat, he might be taken for a Wall Street broker or well-doing merchant. But his "boys" knew him as a blunt albeit kindly spoken man and a jovial caterer of many mercies. That night of the fruit festival he might be seen behind the graph of the fruit festival he might be seen behind the graph of the fruit festival he might be seen behind the graph of the fruit festival he might be seen behind the graph of the fruit festival he might be seen behind the graph of the fruit festival he might be seen behind the graph of the fruit festival he might be seen behind the graph of the fruit festival he might be seen behind the graph of the fruit festival he might be seen behind the graph of the fruit festival he might be seen behind the graph of the fruit festival he might be seen behind the graph of the fruit festival he might be seen behind the graph of the fruit festival he might be seen behind the graph of

Fond Mother openuity—Were they not entranced:

Petied Daughter—Hum! When I played "Life on the Ocean Wave," with variations, half of them left the room.

Fond Mother (ecstatically)—That's wonderful!

Fond Mother (ecstatically)—That's wonderful!

They must have been seasie).

From Cick Me Un.

He was rather a rackety young man and kept very late hours. He was soften on a long fourney, and on bidding farewell to his belived, he said to her.

"Darling when I am far away, every night I will gize at you sire and think of them. Will thou, too, gaze at you sire and think of them. Will indeed deared," she replied "If I needed anything to remind me of you I would choose this replied. "If I needed anything to remind me of you I would choose this replied." If needed anything to remind me of you I would choose this replied. "If will, indeed deared," she replied. "If I needed anything to remind me of you I would choose this replied." The solution of the cart of the cart of the solution of the cart of the cart of the solution of the cart of the cart of the solution of the cart of the cart of the solution of the cart of the

IT DIDN'T STOP THE GAME:

KNIFE AND GUNPLAY THAT THE CHIEF OF POLICE STOPPED IN TIME. One Player Felt That He Had His Money's Worth, Though It Cost Him a Thousand Dollars-Poker With, Lively Accompaniments in a Western City-The Nerve and Quickness of the Chief of Police.

The stories that are told of sensational games of poker," said a commercial traveller who recently returned from a tour of the Western States, "are usually placed a little outside the densely populated part of the country, the densely populated part of the country, and are told of occurrences of twenty years or more ago. Now it may be true that fiercer poker was played by the last generation than is usual nowadays, though I doubt it. Certainly there is more poker played to-day than ever before, and though much of it is small playing, and goes on with surroundings that are likely to prevent any great display of ferocity, there is still a wast deal of it that is played 'for blood,' as the gamblers say, and by men to the discard and there was the king of clubs. Again the cashier reaching for the discard and there was the king of clubs. Again the cashier reaching for the discard and there was the king of clubs. Again the cashier reaching for the discard and there was the king of clubs. Again the cashier as he reached to pot.

"Watta minute,' said the cashier as he reached to the pot.

"He turned over the discard and there was the king of clubs. Again the gambler, reaching for the discard pile. 'Let's see if you did.'

"He turned over the discard and there was the king of clubs. Again the cashier as he reached to the pot.

"He turned over the discard and there was the king of clubs. Again the cashier reaching for the discard pile. 'Let's see if you did.'

"He turned over the discard and there was the king of clubs. Again the cashier as he reached to the pot.

"He turned over the discard and there was the king of clubs. Again the cashier paid. The pot."

"We all looked in some surprise but he continued. Speaking slowly and looking at the king of clubs. Again the cashier very keen ly as he talked. 'I discarded and there was the king of clubs. Again the gambler said. The pot.

"We all looked in some surprise but he continued."

"We all looked in some surprise but he cashier very keen ly as he talked. 'I discarded and there was the king of clubs. Again the gambler said. The look of the king of clubs. Again the cashier reached and there was the king of clubs. Again the part of the king of clubs. Again the gambler said. The look of the king

To got a Annual Party.

No Lord A Broke.

From Lorden August 1 and 1 and

variably dressed in frock cost and slik hat, he might be taken for a Wall Street broker or well-dollar nor-chant. But his 'boys' know had had a solid active of many mercies. That night of the fruit festival he might be seen behind the commonlorus, with his coat of the state of

and if it had not been for what I honestly think was a mistake in the first place, there would

and if it had not been for what I honestly think was a mistake in the first place, there would not have been any disturbance.

"The cashier had opened a jackpot and had drawn one card. I had passed out, and so had the chief, but the three gamblers had all come in, the faro bank man happening to have the next play after the cashier. The chief was dealing. Each of the three drew three cards. When the betting began the oashier put up a hundred, the next man raised and the other two threw down their hands. The cashier raised back and the gambler shoved his pile up in the middle of the table. Of course that made it a case of call or lay down with the cashier, and he called.

rin the show down it appeared that the cashier had a heart flush, king high, and the gambler had three ace. I split kings to draw to a flush, said the cashier as he reached for

A property of the control of the con

at the moment hopour seemed member of stand on the technicalities of the game.

"Then came what was to me the most surprising occurrence of the evening. I was counting up the few chips I had left, preparatory to cashing in, when, to my amazement a new deck was produced, and the other five men resumed the game as if nothing whatever had happened. I had a notion, just for an instant of playing right along with them, but it massed away as quickly as it came. I saw then, as I had not before, that I was not in the same class with them. I felt that I had had my monev's worth, so I simply said. Leave me out,' and shoved my chips over to the banker. He gave me the money, and I said 'Good night, centernen,' and left the room.

"They all said 'Good night,' but they didn't stop the deal to say it."

MADE THE BEAR DRUNK.

Sport That Resulted in "Such a Headache"

and Has Made Bruin Suspicious. BANGOR, Me., Oct. 5 .- A party of Massachusetts sportsmen who were in this city this week on their return home from a camping trip at Crawford Pond in the Katahdin Iron Works region told of an experience with a bear belonging to the owner of the camp, with whom they made their home during their two weeks' visit. This bear was caught in a trap last spring and lost his right forepaw at the ankle joint. The hunter did not kill the animal, but got a rope around his neck and led him to camp. There he built a small stockade with a little house in one corner of it, pitched an old stub of a tree in the centre of the yard, hitched the bear to it, and this place has since been Bruin's home.

of a tree in the centre of the yard, hitched the bear to it, and this place has since been Bruin's home.

The bear was very savage at first, but soon became so tame that he would eat from the hand of the trapper and would allow one to pat and caresshim. He has been one of the "sights" for people visiting Crawford Pond during the past summer. A young Harvard College student was at the camp in August, and he got so friendly with the bear that they used to have wrestling matches. The bear labored at a disadvantage on account of having lost one of his paws, and he was unable to get a very good hold about the body of the student, but that made no difference; he could throw the young man every time, and the minute the wrestler would land on his back old Bruin would take the other paw and begin to claw his clothes. The young mat stood such treatment all right until one day the bear scratched his face, and thereafter he kept away from the animal.

The Massachusetts sportsmen were obliged to remain close in camp one day during their visit on account of a heavy rainstorm. They played casino and auction-pitch until they were tired of the sight of the cards, and one of them on seeing the bear perched on the stub of the tree in his yard thought of a scheme which would produce some amusement.

"Let's get the bear drunk," said he to his companions. "I've got a quart of old rye whiskey in my pack, which I brought in case some of you fellows were sick. None of you have been, and as none of you ever take anything, I'd just as leave give it to the bear as not."

"It's mean to waste good stuff in that way," said another member of the party, but I didn't buy it and as far as fun goes I'm in for anything."

A ten-quart pail, three quarts of Indian

LON HASKELL'S LUCKY SHIP.

HE GOT HER IN A HORSE TRADE AND SHE'S OUTLIVED BETTER CRAFT.

Washington's Picture and the Bible in Her Cabia, Silver Under Her Masts and the American Eagle for a Figurehead-They're the Mascots for the Maine Coast Trade.

BANGOR, Me., Oct. 6 .- The schooner Catanount had taken on the last stick of her high eckload of lumber, the stevedores had rolled up their rubber aprons and lighted their pipes and the " cook and hand," a nut-brown, blueeyed Yankee boy of 17, from Deer Isle, stood surveying the stores for the trip-dry codfish, flour, molasses, salt pork, sait beef, baking powder and kerosene, which, with apples and

There was a man killed at her launcuit, and she never made at the without someph or other lappenin' to her. When they didn't have her ashore she was bein 'run into, and when twasn't that she would bump into someph, an' twast't that she would bump into some in an into some in the same after a wornan who wouldn't come to the launchin'. Then the old schooper Henry—she was always in trouble, too, and finally her cap'n he committed suicide, right here to the wharf in Bangor. Had a leak in her somewheres they never could find, an it always opened when she had corn or somep'n like that in her that'd spile easy. Man that built her was a stingy old coder, an' he put cheap stock into her, so that they never could grow here in the store of th

HARD TO PASS CANADIAN COIN.

Tendency to Shut Out Silver That Isn't Really

Legal Tender Here Increasing. Every now and then a man on a street cal offers a Canadian ten-cent piece to a conductor and the conductor accepts it. Possibly the man will try the same kind a few days later and the conductor will not accept the coin. Then there is an argument. The conductor tells the man that he is not permitted by the company to turn in Canadian money. The man tells the conductor that the other conductor took it and he doesn't see why his conductor shouldn't. Whatever the result of the argument the conductor is in the right. To begin with, Canadian money isn't legal tender and would not be if it were worth more than American monies. It is a fact that the street car companies will not accept Canadian money from its conductors. The reason for this is that the banks will not accept it from the street car companies. It must be disposed of to coin brokers, who will not buy it at par. If a conductor on a street car or a ticket seller of the elevated road accepts a Canadian coin he does so at his own risk. If he can dispose of it in making change to other passengers, well and good. If not he is the person who is stuck. It's his business to refuse the money.

The tendency not to accept Canadian coins is on the increase. Fifteen years ago Canadian quarters passed current in ordinary transactions in this city. Later they were shut out, but the ten-cent pieces stayed in circulation. Every year it is more difficult to pass them and they are now refused in many stores, While they sell little below par it makes them undesirable. Up the State the nearer you go to the Canadian border the more of the Queen's coins you find and the easier it is to pass them. In the frontier towns on both sides of the line the money of each country passes. and the conductor will not accept the coin. Then there is an argument. The conductor